### THE CHRISTMAS MIRACLE.

away, how human nature itself has been transformed, and still how Christmas remains the dearest, happiest, polated a verse in the work of the scribe. most cherished day of the year.

When men first began to keep Christmas as a festival the ancient civilization was still alive. The dry arid hearts grow fresh and young again among its sweet associations. light of Greek philosophy still shone. Roman law and Roman order enveloped the world. A few centuries later Western Europe was in the black darkness of ignorance and superstition. The peoples stumbled blindly, not knowing their own names or where they were going. Through the thick gloom nations could be seen antiquity died, and most of their customs and traditions died with them, but this they passed on to their sucvaguely taking shape. Here and there a strong figure—a Charlemagne or an Alfred—rose clearly in the cessors. The barbarians fought, revelled, massacred and were massacred; Goth and Vandal, Alan, Burgunmurk, but mostly there were only shadows, like the dim forms in the depths of a Dore picture.

And yet in that chaotic age the Yule log burned and feudal anarchy was stilled once a year, while the poetry was always spared and handed on, ever fresher and more beautiful, from century to century. priests spoke of peace on earth and good will to men.

And then there was an age of faith and of romance, of cruel oppression, tender sympathy and unselfish devotion. Knights rode abroad to rescue fair maidens, loot their neighbors' castles or waylay the base merchants whose caravans wound along the forest roads. Pilgrims in haircloth and Crusaders in shirts of mail swarmed toward the Holy Places. Richard Coeur de Lion swung his mighty battleaxe and Saladin divided silk handkerchiefs with the razor edge of his Damascus scimitar. The New Rome on the Bosporus still stood as the bulwark of Ohristendom against the Moslem hordes in the East, and the expanding vigor of Spanish youth forced them back in the West. Popes and emperors struggled for the supremacy of the Christian world.

And through it all castle and hovel made festival on the day of Christ's nativity, and all the contradictions of the time were melted into a single harmony.

Centuries later the face of Europe had changed again. A new civilization had come, bridging the Dark Ages to draw upon the pagan culture of the old. Nations had formed, with ordered societies and luxurious courts. Another world had been discovered beyond the sea. The old ideas of the universe had been turned inside out. It had been discovered that this earth was not the centre of created things, but an insignificant speck of dust whirling through space. The human mind expanded and rioted in its new sense of freedom. Men felt as if they were seeing the fulfilment of the prediction of the serpent in Eden: "Your eyes the greater part of Asia and much of Africa, Only China, Central Asia and Darkest Africa remain unshall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

innocent happiness taught wisdom to the worldly wise.

stretch our yardsticks to the stars, and boldly answer the question whether the universe has limits. Our tained the one-how long must it wait before it attains the other?

Nineteen centuries have passed since the shepherds at Bethlehem first beheld the yearly miracle of higher criticism puts the Bible under the microscope, examines it word by word and letter by letter, and pro-Christmas. How wonderful that miracle is we may realize when we consider through what changes this old nounces its judgment with the infallible assurance of a handwriting expert in court. We print the Scripworld of ours has passed since then, how civilizations have risen, flourished and died, how nations have passed tures in colors, showing where this scribe has added a patch to the original tradition and that editor has inter-

But after all we come back to the ancient festival that commemorates that night at Bethlehem, and our

Is it not a miracle that such a festival should have survived through so many ages and so many revolutions? Every nation in Europe or America is young compared with this ancient holiday. The peoples of dian and Lombard trampled the arena of history, but somehow this exquisite flower of religion, humanity and

Beginning in a corner of the Levant, Christmas has spread over the whole world. It is the one universal holiday of Christian mankind—Christian not merely in the theological sense, but in the sense of a common civilization, regardless of individual beliefs. It has had a curious power of associating itself with extremes of climate. Originating in a land of endless Summer, its earliest symbol was the palm. Then, adopted by northern races, it became identified with snowy roofs, with crackling fires, with reindeer and Santa Claus going down wide-mouthed chimneys. Now it is ceasing to belong to any climate, and is taking possession of all. We can hardly say that "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard" when Australasia, South America and Africa celebrate Christmas in Summer. The snow, the evergreens and Santa Claus with his fur coat and reindeer are still the Christmas features of the North, but the day is not limited by any such local accessions.

Christmas is the forerunner of the federation of the world. Since the confusion of tongues at Babel there has been no such universal solvent. It gives the common touch of humanity that unites all nations. Where a government brings twenty, forty or a hundred million people into mutual relations, the observance of this day brings a thousand millions.

More people look forward to Christmas now than ever did at any former period of the world's history. Wherever European civilization goes the celebration of this gracious festival follows in its train. It has already extended over the whole of Europe, North and South America; Australasia, the islands of the ocean, touched by its influences, and a few years will bring them in. Then Christmas will indeed be a Truce of God, But still the old Christmas prevailed, and every year the children gathered about the tree and in their when the whole world will suspend its wrangling and come together in a common festival of good will.

Is it too much to hope that this annual communion of spirit may have some effect on human conduct in And now "comes the wheel full circle." After nineteen centuries we are back in the sceptical, sophis- the rest of the year? When all the nations of the earth come together on one day as brothers, will they not ticated civilization in which Christianity began. Like the Romans of the age of Augustus, we believe nothing eventually realize the incongruity of flying at each other's throats the next? Christmas once a year as a unibut what we see. Science is our god. We measure emotions in psychological laboratories, count the blood versal festival, celebrated on the Arctic ice floes and in the Brazilian jungles, is a glorious thing, but the spirit corpuscles that feed a heroic resolution and compute the number of brain waves in a mother's love. We of Christmas pervading three hundred and sixty-five days would be more glorious. The world has almost at-

## The Christ of the Future







# Prof. George D. Herron.

people is becoming a religion, and every soul his heart sank in nerveless weakness from baffled. The world was made in order that even the stupidest to create the things of love and to achieve its liberty.

power of God. And the masters of the world have beaten back and mangled; when he did not know the or a seeming. Love is God; that is, love is the only tween nations or classes, is to give up God, to give up light, and straight down from the th Formulated and institutional Christianity is losing its of terrific struggles with traditional right and truth, dividual soul or of the common soul we name society. Into scientific and commercial terms. Against this his own life at last.

impotence of force to gain or keep liberty is writ so view the world anew each morning as a place wherein

It is ours to compel this dying century to bequeath he himself is master of his destiny and a creator of the hardness at the heart of professional religion; bring men into association and liberty. Love is the To acknowledge that there have ever been any real some word of living, manly faith to the century of the universe; that he himself is the real presence and when he was beaten back and mangled, as we are real universal life force; every other force is a shadow conflicts between men, between rights or interests, be-social change at hand. It is ours to say, Let there be seen the vision of the God-man and are taking warn- way he was taking; when he was tempted by the real good, or the source and substance of all good, unity, and to people the universe with dual or myriad the light shine-deep into the lies which the nations ing, for they know that there will be no more masters awful thought that the world might be right, after all, Love is the bearer of all glad tidings, of every breath powers. It is to substitute the faith of Homer for the call diplomacy, through the miserable unbelief which of joy, for it is not great loves, but the lack of great faith of Jesus, for the idea that men are antagonists the churches call faith, into the reeking tenements and This passing of Christianity is preparing the way Through all and over all Jesus comes forth as mas- loving, that has brought sorrow and suffering to the by nature and that competition is their natural law the reeking places of the covetous heart; shine as a for the coming of Jesus into the life of the world, ter; he finds reality and human omnipotence. In spite world, the finds reality and human omnipotence. In spite world, the finds reality and human omnipotence to live

> out of the criminal jargon of the courts, out of the Men are not enemies by nature, but friends. There economic wars that fill the earth with waste and

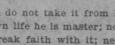
GEORGE D. HERRON.

### O-DAY is a time of paradox. Christianity is touching a Son of God who is our brother, of one flesh priests and pollticians do not take it from him. Even red letters, you may read the waste and misery that the vanishing night,

Mr. Dooley's Christmas







and he wrong and mistaken.

hold upon the people; but Jesus is for the first time in spite of a thousand reasons for doubting himself, The problems of the nations will find in love their ancient lie, upon which every tyranny has built its 1t is ours to say let the peace of good will prevail, gaining its almost universal friendship. The people are in spite of his death at the hands of existing law and solvent, for love is the creator of democracy, the syn- throne, must all noble ideals very soon marshal them- and out of the hideous phantasmagoria of civilization, forgetting the Church, and it is scarcely taken into ac- order, he comes into absolute possession of his life; thetical element that is bringing all men and things selves. count by the forces preparing for the great world and he lives his own life, at all costs, clear through to together in association and harmony. changes at hand; but the common heart is giving itself the end and out into the endless. He has power to We are slowly discerning that outward force is the are no antagonisms in the universe, but only harmo- slaughter, will come equal opportunities to men, and to Jesus, and he is gaining his first hold upon the facts lay down his life and power to take it up again; no cheat of history; that it really protects neither indi- nies. The elements are not competitive, but co-oper- the institution of humanity, with the beauty of its and materials out of which the common life is made. man, no combination, has power to take it from him viduals nor nations. The principle that they do not conflicting, but co-ordinate harmony. It is ours to say let the justice of love be From the midst of dead official falths the real He has power to lay down his name and power to take the sword has been working itself and co-working. There are not many powers, many established, and straightway will the gates of truth be Christ has risen to human faith at last, and this is it up again; no man, no combination, has power to out as steadily as the moving of the stars; there have gods, but one power, one law, one life, one God, and opened wide for the coming forth of love's revoluthe significance and glory of our age. For the first take it from him. When he finds that the ideal and been no exemptions to its retributions. Love has never we are workers together with Him in creative love, tionary hosts to destroy the old world of fear and time we are reading the fragments we call the Gospels law for which he stands must be dramatized and en- been absent from the throne of world-administration. Our enmitties, our competitions, our interests, our fears, force and create the new earth of love and liberty. In the terms of human experience to find ourselves acted by the cross he voluntarily gives up his life; the On every page of history, as on an open book of blood- whence all conflicts spring, are delusions, monsters of

passing, but the anointed human life is ap- and blood and spirit with ourselves; to find ourselves; to find ourselves; to find ourselves on the centuries, if pearing as the Christ of the future. Religions looking into the soul of one who scaled the whole at no time does he break faith with it; never does it blind collision of force with omnipresent love. The we would move with the total drift of things, we must are ceasing to command, but the life of the octave of human experience. There were times when pass from his own keeping.

a temple of the Most High. Man is discovering that effort; when he was prostrate in the dust because of taught how to love; it endures in order that love may are stumbling over the lesson.

HAT have ye in ye'er pockets there, stayin' up all night lookin' f'r a wheelbarrow to r-run?' he says. Hinnissy said nawthin', but may th' Lord wurrd an' daraws his time. Jawn?" asked Mr. Dooley. kids," said Mr. McKenna.

mopped the bar. Therefore Mr. Dooley was sad. He pipe. He did so. poured some hot water and a jigger of whiskey on a "Nex' week 'twill be nothin' but lump of sugar. He poked the fire slowly. He lit a Christmas up an' down th' r-road. cigar and blew his nose upon his apron. Each of Whin ye go by look in th' little which actions was a symptom of melancholy.

"Thrue, 'tis thrue," he said. "Christmas an' k'ds; n'ssy's. Th' fr'ront r'room is locked Christmas an' kids. 'Tis little th' wan'r th' other is to up as tight as a dhrum, an' Hinme this manny's th' year. Christmas is on'y a pathrol nissy has to smoke his pipe in th' box f'r me where th' pollsman calls up another lap iv kitchen. If ye go by afther th' th' beat an' th' mornin' comin' on. 'Tis well enough kids 'v been washed an' sint off I'r thim that has their own. Over beyant I set an' to school ye'll see th' Christmas watched th' peat crackin' in th' grate manny's the three standin' in th' windy, a dam Christmas, f'r thim was days an' thim was times. But little thing that Hinnissy's ould not now, Jawn avick.

"I knowed Christmas was comin' on. I seen it in dhress. Hinnissy himsilf was near th' faces iv th' kids an' in th' bakery windies. I met laid off las' week. His hands had Cassidy goln' to do an extry shift at th' mills; him, got that bad fr'm sthringin' pop poor la-ad, whose back does be bint like a hoop, that corn that he cuddent handle th' wanst was as straight as a pole. 'Where ar-re ye thruck. 'Hinnissy,' says th' boss, goin', ye foolish man,' I says, 'at this time iv night "if ye take in fancy sewin' whin with ye'er dinner pail?" 'I'm wurrkin' overtime f'r a ye get home iv nights,' says th' week or two,' he says. 'Well, glory be to Gawd,' says boss, 'ye ought to make money

"Some Christmas things for the Christmas,' he says. An' Jawn, he

wint off thryin' to whistle 'Down Mr. Dooley chuckled, sighed and be th' Tanya-ard Side' through his

houses. Look in at Malachi Hin-

woman has to kneel down f'r to I. 'Don't ye wurruk enough be day,' says I, 'without enough to lave th' freight house,'



"D'ue see that there sledt D'ue think that cost me nawthin't D'ue suppose I made that there doll an' thim cheo-choo ears? D'ye think that there expriss wagon was give to me be me constituoents, fr to ride around in an' make calls?"

lave their noses out iv other people's porridge. At th 'Ah, well,' says he, 'Tve got to get some few things f'r help that there boss whin Malachi takes him at his "Christmas mornin' Hinn say'll have his r-revinge same time, Jawn, mind ye, if I r-run acrost that big on th' gang boss whither he whales loafer iv a Maloney I'll kill him. I'll kill him, I will him later 'r not. Th' kids'll niver that. I'll call th' polis f'r him."

give him a chanst to put on a white "What has Maloney done?" ventured McKenna. shirt till time fr high mass. Th' "What has he done?" roared Mr. Dooley. "What weman'll be off early to 4 o'clock has he done? Hasn't he gone off en a dhrunk? Hasn't mass whin th' church is full iv he deserted his family? Hasn't he thrun up his job, light an' incinse an' Molly Dono- with Christmas not two weeks off? D'ye ask me what hue's singln' th' Adeste Fydalls up he's done, him with five childher. I seen thim this above. Jawn, iv all th' chunes that mornin,' an' I swore be th' hivins above me that if I iver moral man heerd, give me th' met him I'd break his back f'r a Christmas present."

Adestic Fydalis iv a cold Christ- "But what have you to do with it?" asked Mr. Mcmas mornin'. An' iv all th' sing- Kenna. ers that iver sung it I'll lay me "What 've I got to do with it? D'ye hear th' limon-

money on Molly Donohue, white or headed jood i-alk? Come he-re!" roared Mr. Dooley, black, give or take tin pounds. I dragging Mr. McKenna to the rear of the shop and throwing open the door. "D'ye see that there sled? "But what th' 'eli? I'm old an' D'ye think that cost me nawthin'? D'ye suppose I all alone. No, thank ye, Jawn, I'll made that there doll an' thim choo-choo ca-ars? D'ye set here all day. Thank ye kind- think that there expriss wagon was give to me be me ly, me la-ad. It has no more constituoents f'r to ride around in an' make calls?"

in it f'r me., without chick or "Who are they for?" asked Mr. McKenna feebly. child iv me own. An' 'tis well "They're f'r Maloney's childher," sald Mr. Dooley it hasn't. 'Tis f'r th' childher with supreme pride. "An' if ye'll ask th' good woman an' th' childher alone 'twas made, to make some clothes f'r that doll I'll thank ke kindly. an' thim that has none 'd bet- 'Twud be immodest in me an'-I-don't-know-what-oh, ther sup with a lone spoon an' what th' 'ell!"